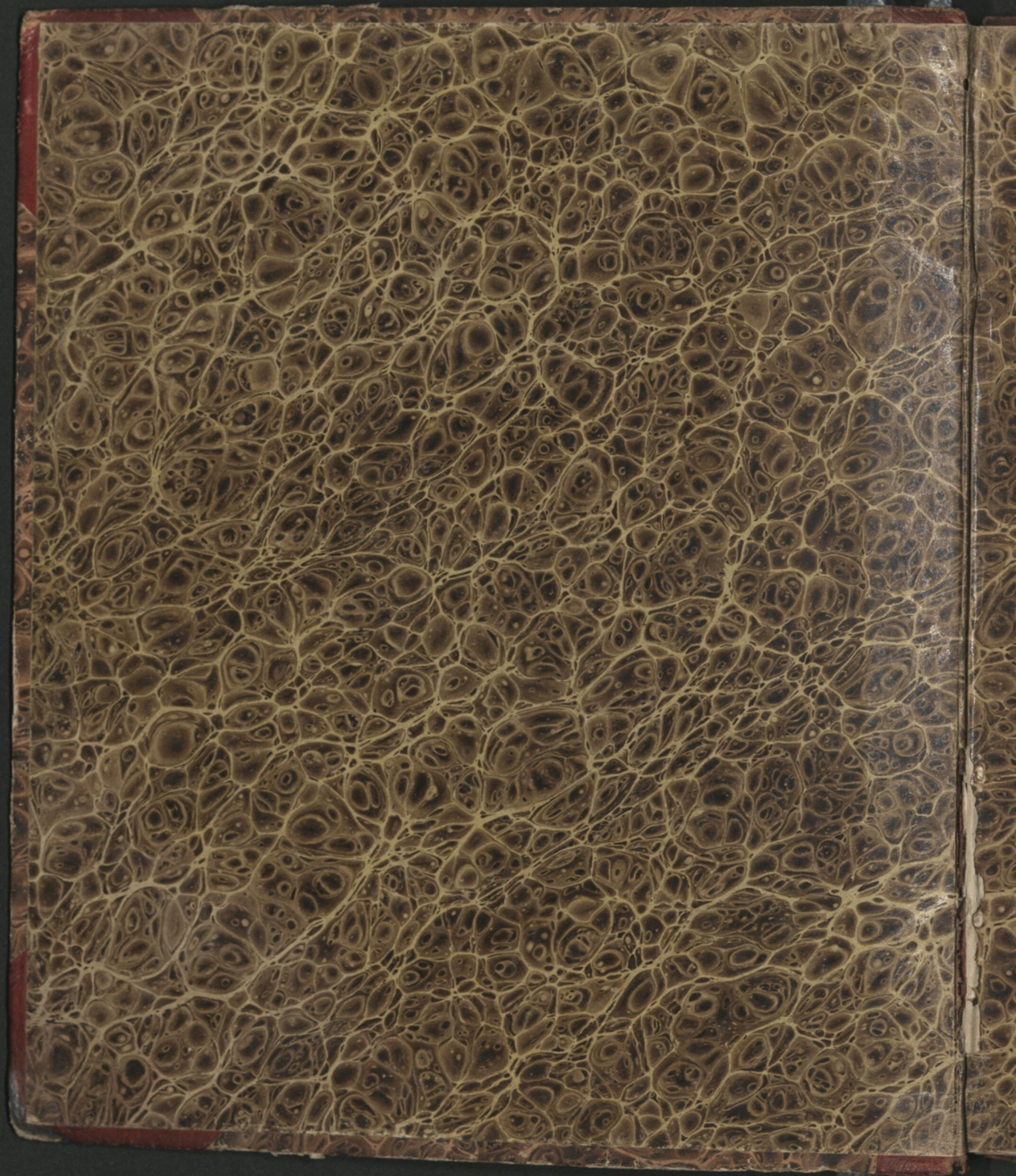
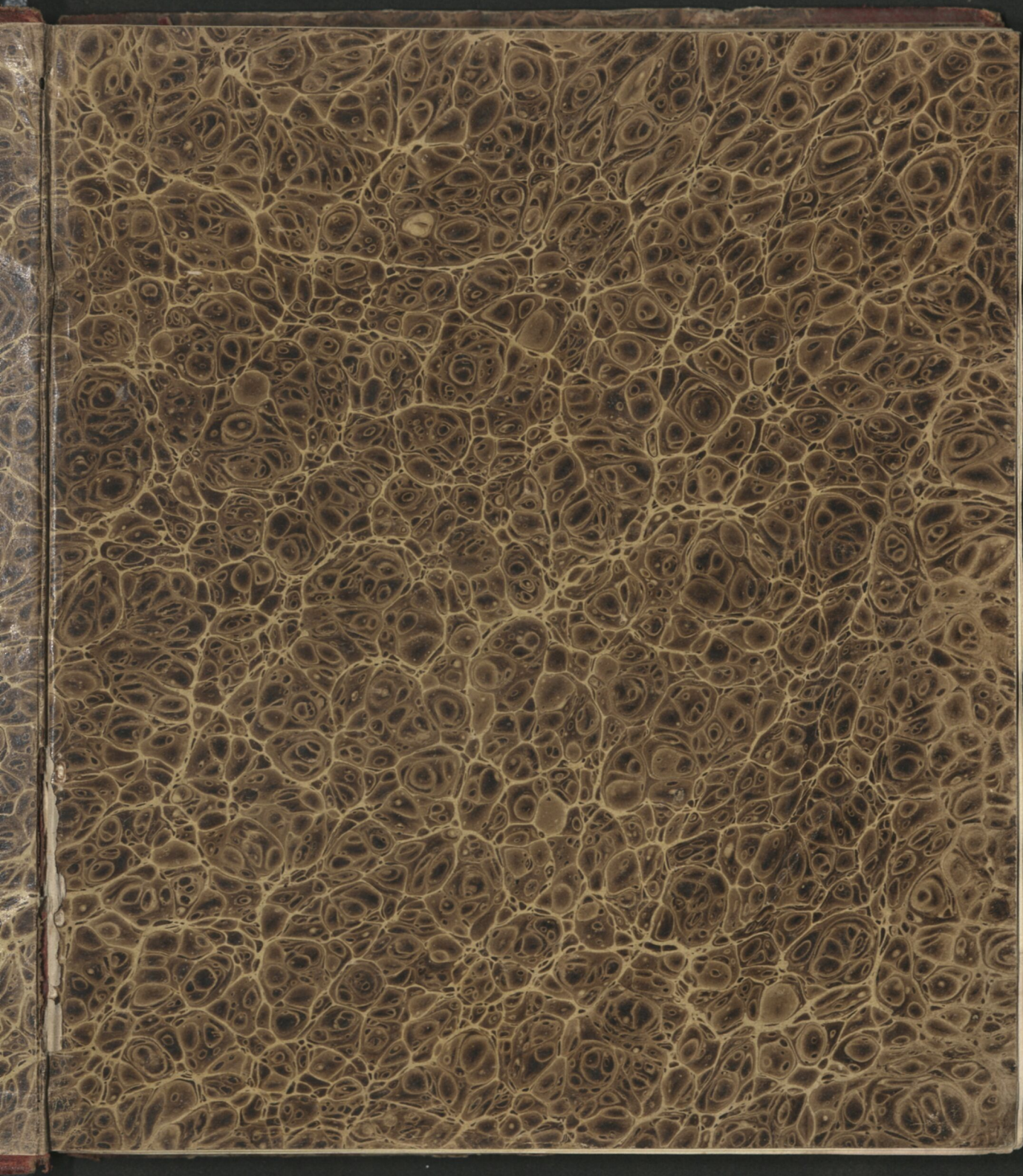
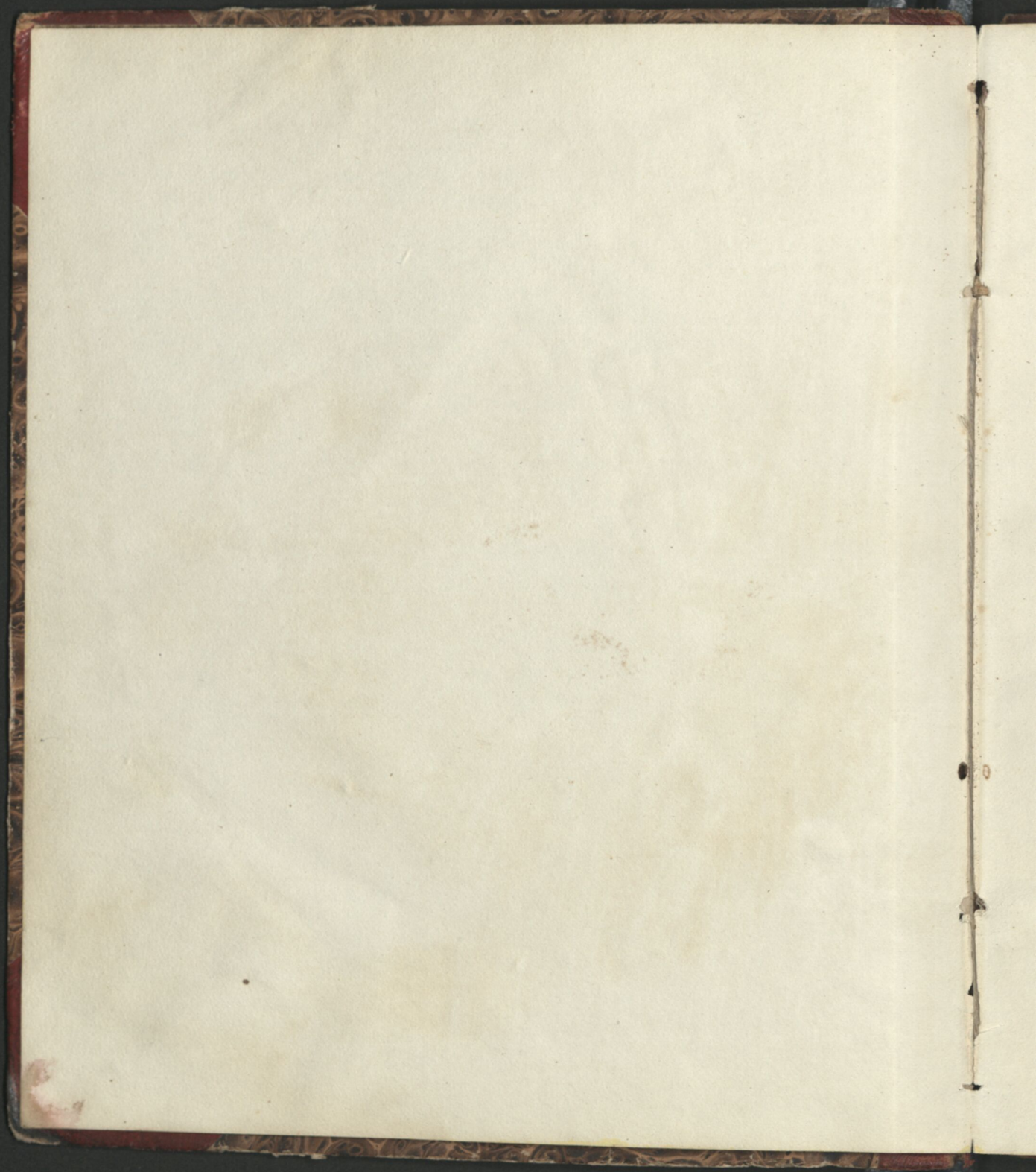


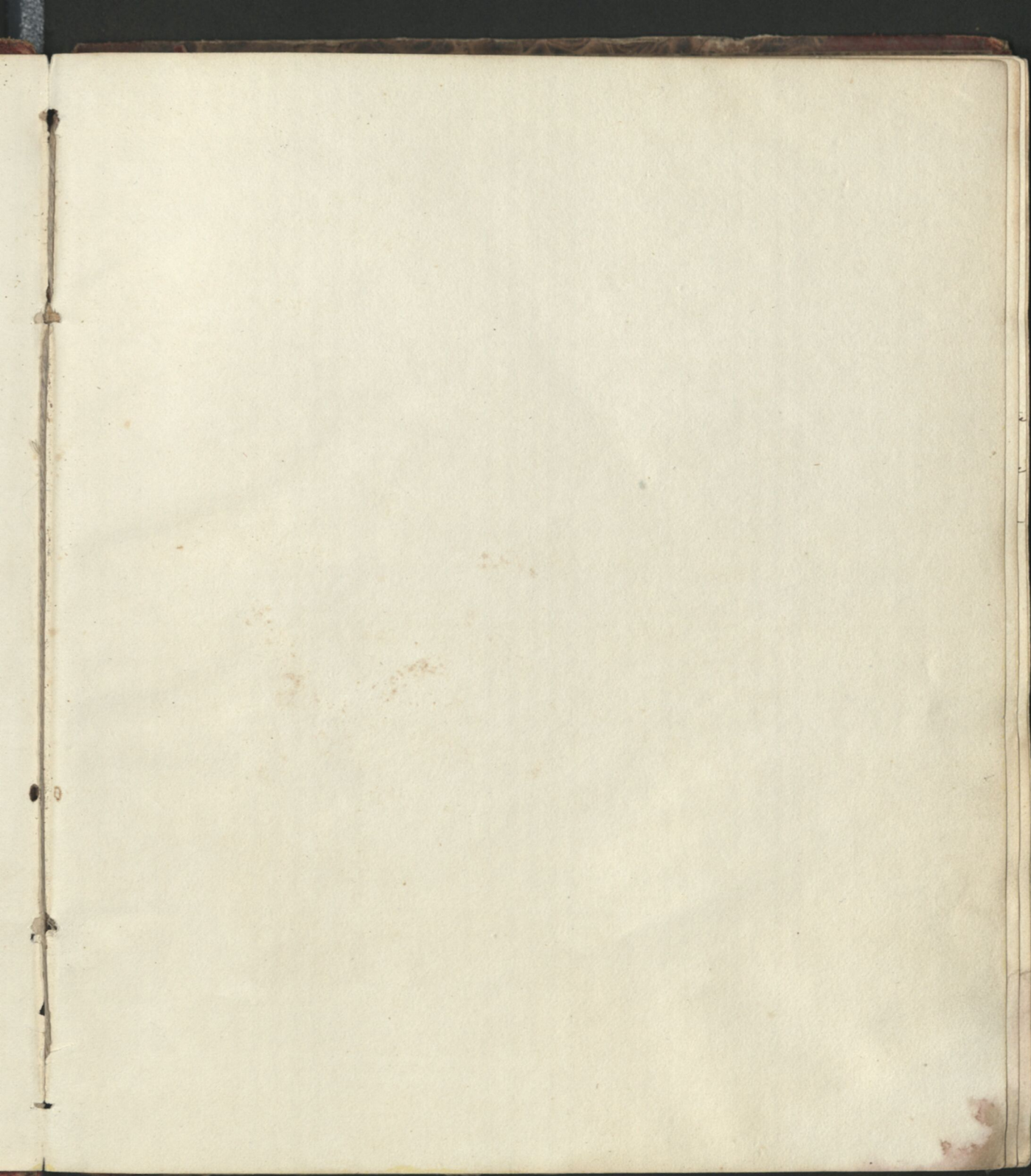
The image shows the front cover of an antique book. The main surface is covered in brown marbled paper with a complex, organic pattern of swirling, cell-like shapes. The paper is aged and shows signs of wear, with some areas appearing lighter and more worn than others. A central rectangular label, made of a dark red or maroon material, is pasted onto the cover. The label has a decorative, scalloped border and contains the name "ANNE E. MACY." in gold, serif, all-caps lettering. The spine of the book, visible on the left, is bound in a dark red material, possibly velvet or a different type of leather, and features a decorative gold-tooled border. The corners of the book are also reinforced with this red material. The overall appearance is that of a well-used, historical volume.

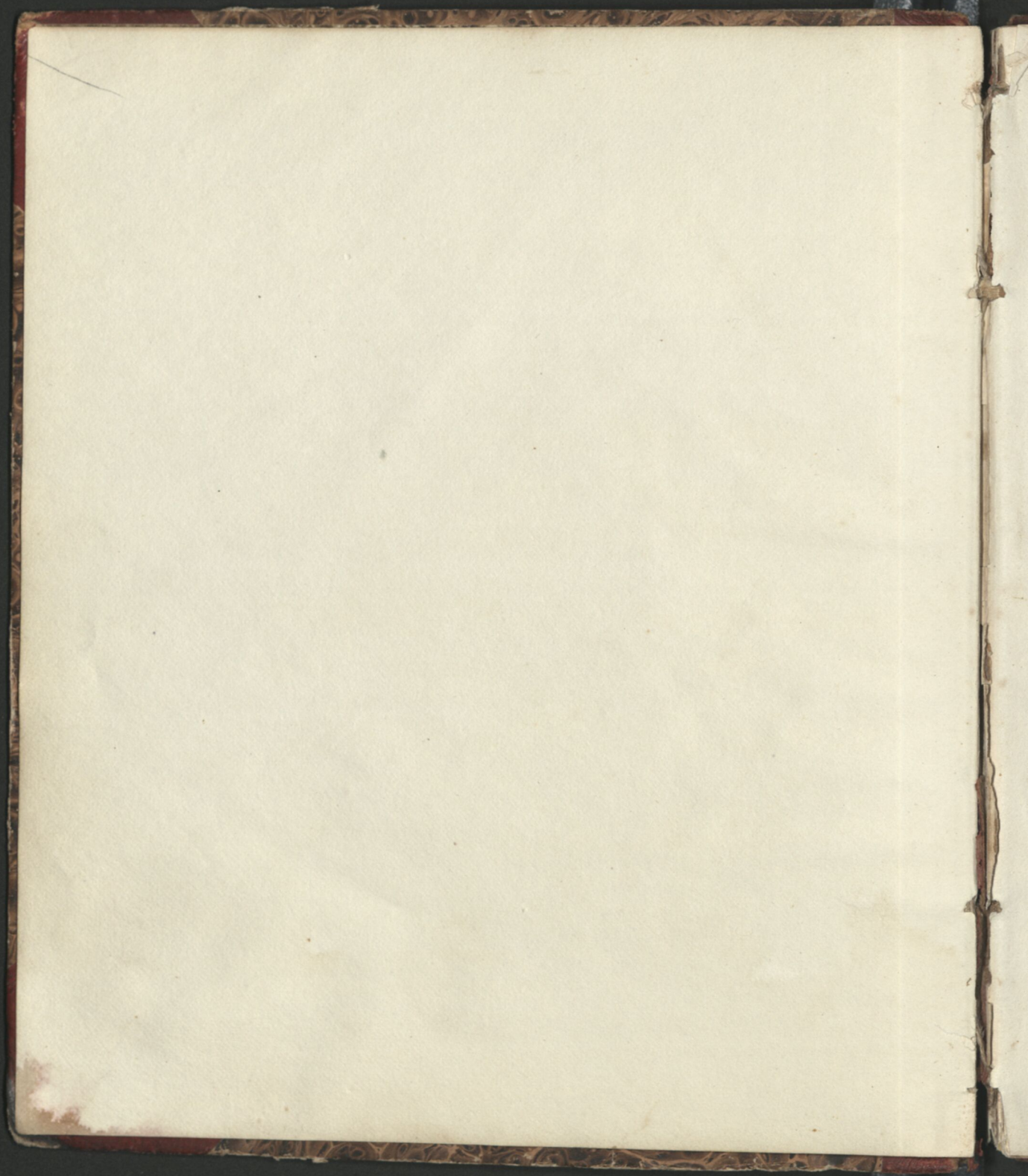
ANNE E. MACY.



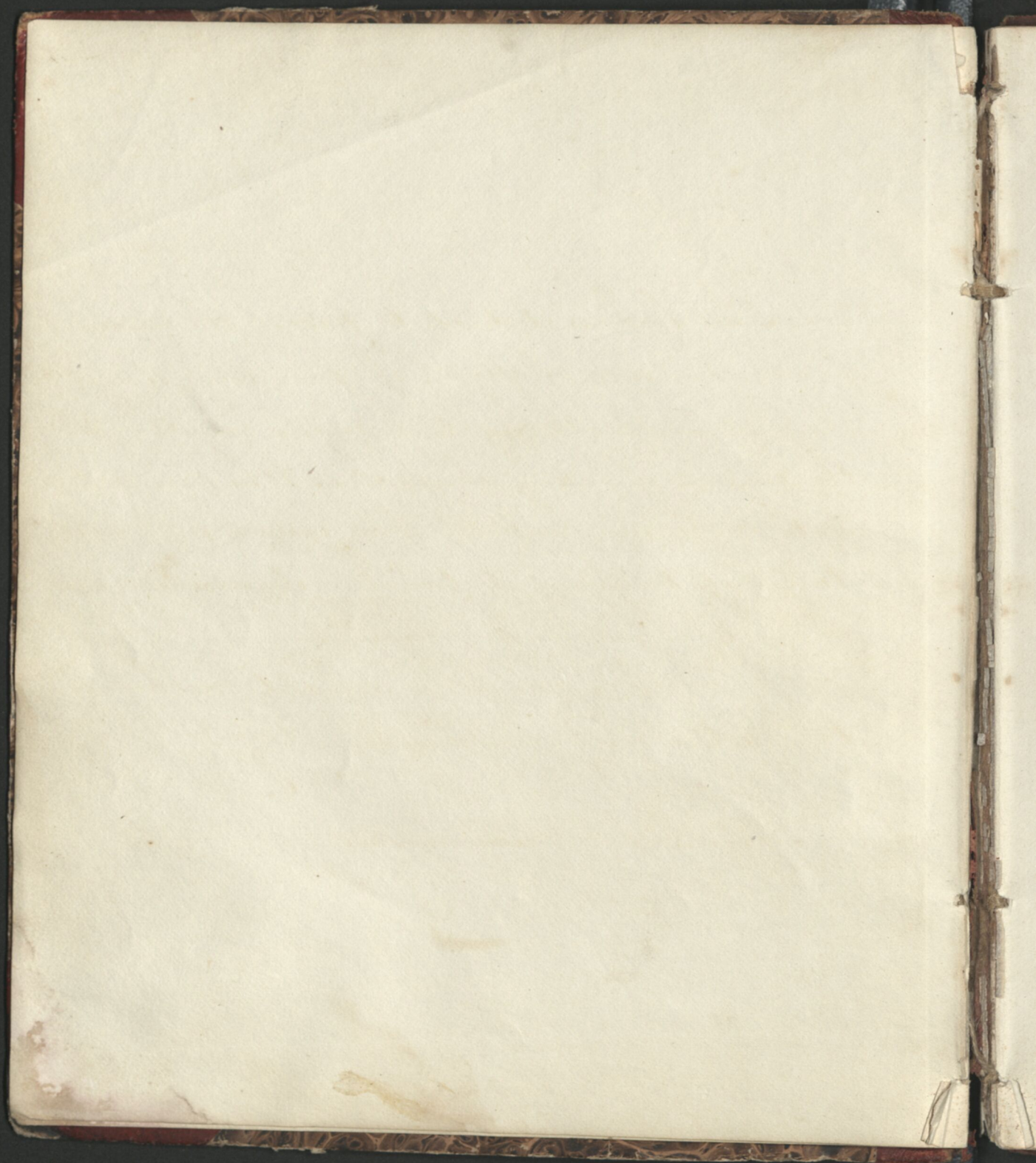








the first of which is the general character
of the country. It is a country of great
beauty and fertility. The soil is rich
and the climate is temperate. The
people are industrious and brave.
The language is a dialect of the
English. The religion is the
Christianity. The government is
a monarchy. The capital is
London. The population is
about 10000000.

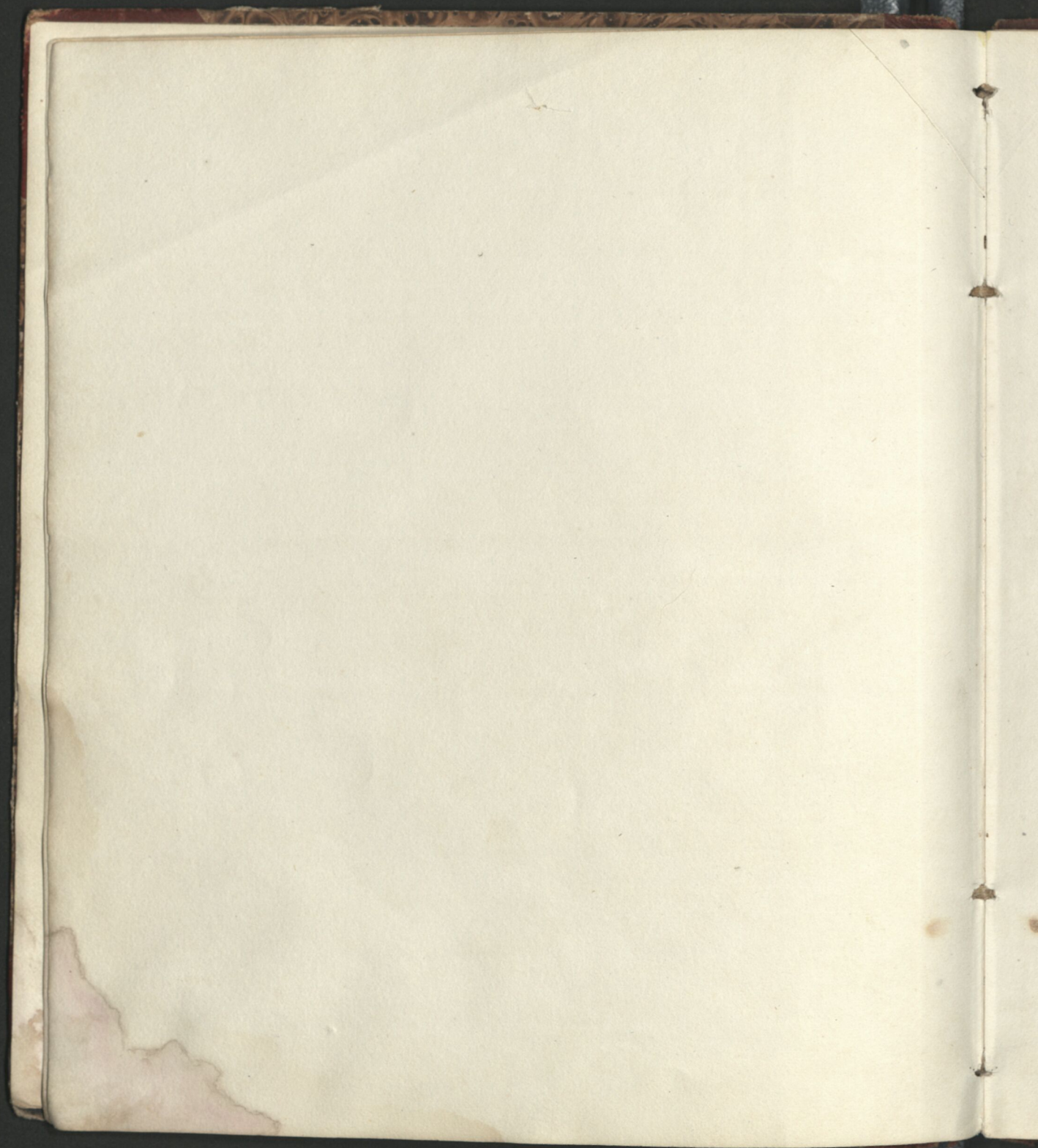


"This book is destined to preserve the memorials
of acquaintance, of esteem, of friendship, of affection
- to contain the thoughts of many minds - to bear
the impress of many characters. Who can antici-
-pate its future contents? How various will be its
tone - its temper - its talent - its moral expres-
-sion - influence and feeling -"

"Such a volume is an apt emblem of
the history of our own minds.
C.

New York 7th January 1836



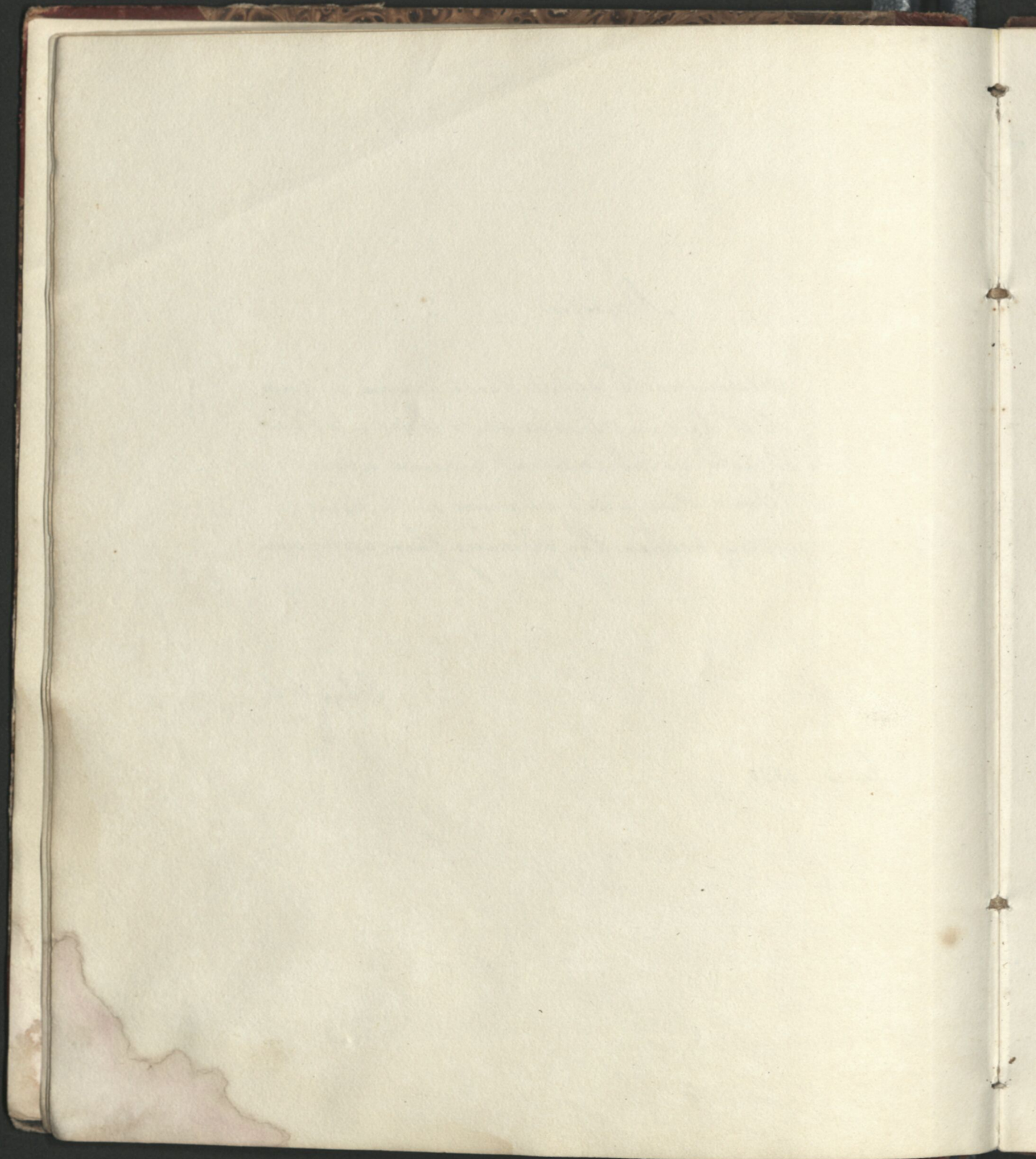


Acrostic.

Adorn with sense these leaves so fair,
Let love and friendship have a share,
Bright as the radiant realms above,
Write Religion's charms with love,
May heaven thy offering then approve.

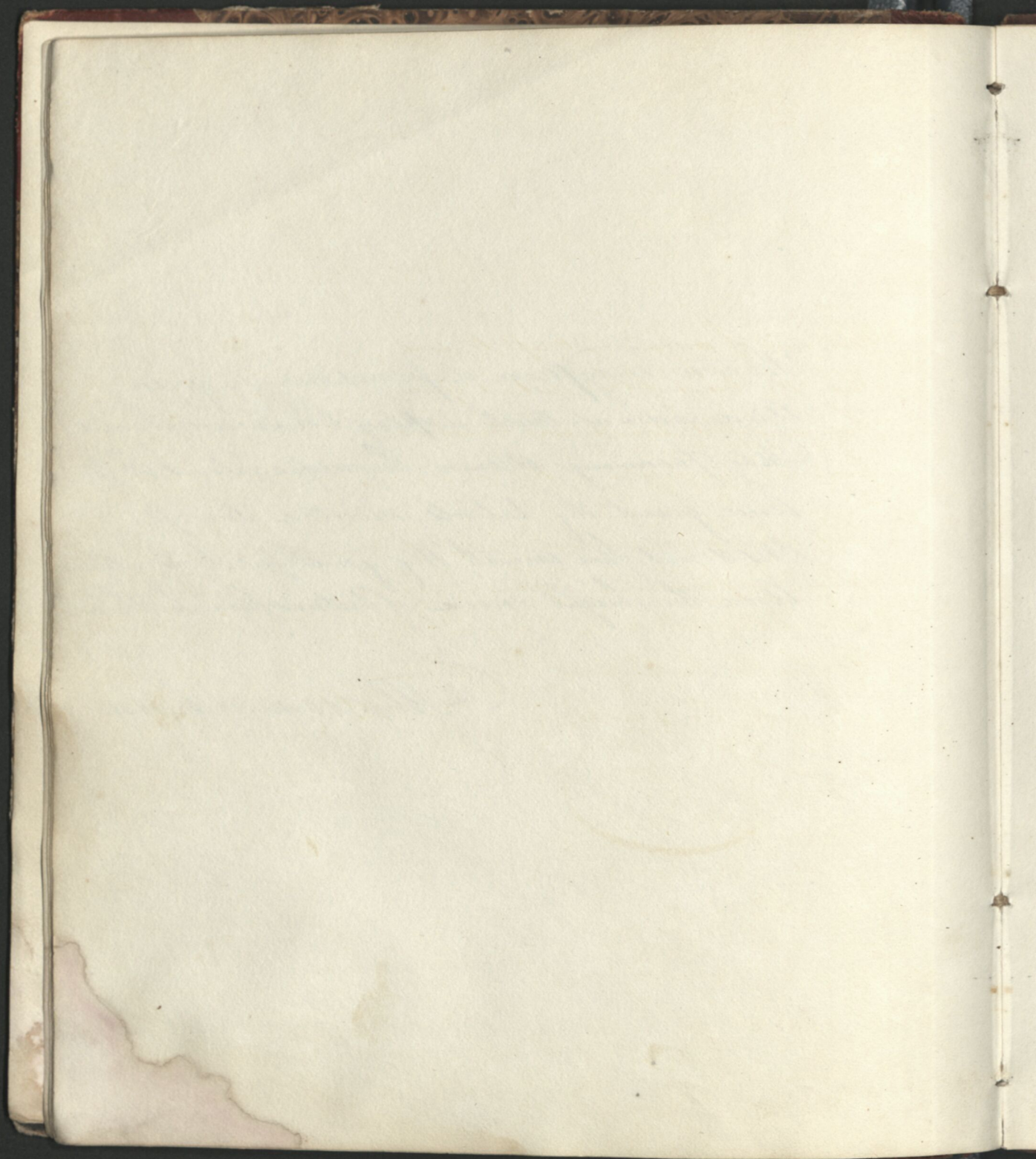
Eliza C. C.

Jan 15th 1830.



"For thee may peace its purest incense yield,
And radiant truth display her sacred shield;
May favouring Heaven, thy usages, labours bless,
And grant thy talents merited success—
Wisdom's fair wreath thy youthful brow entwine
And the bright meed of virtue's fame be thine."

Abby. 11 Ma. 18th 1831.

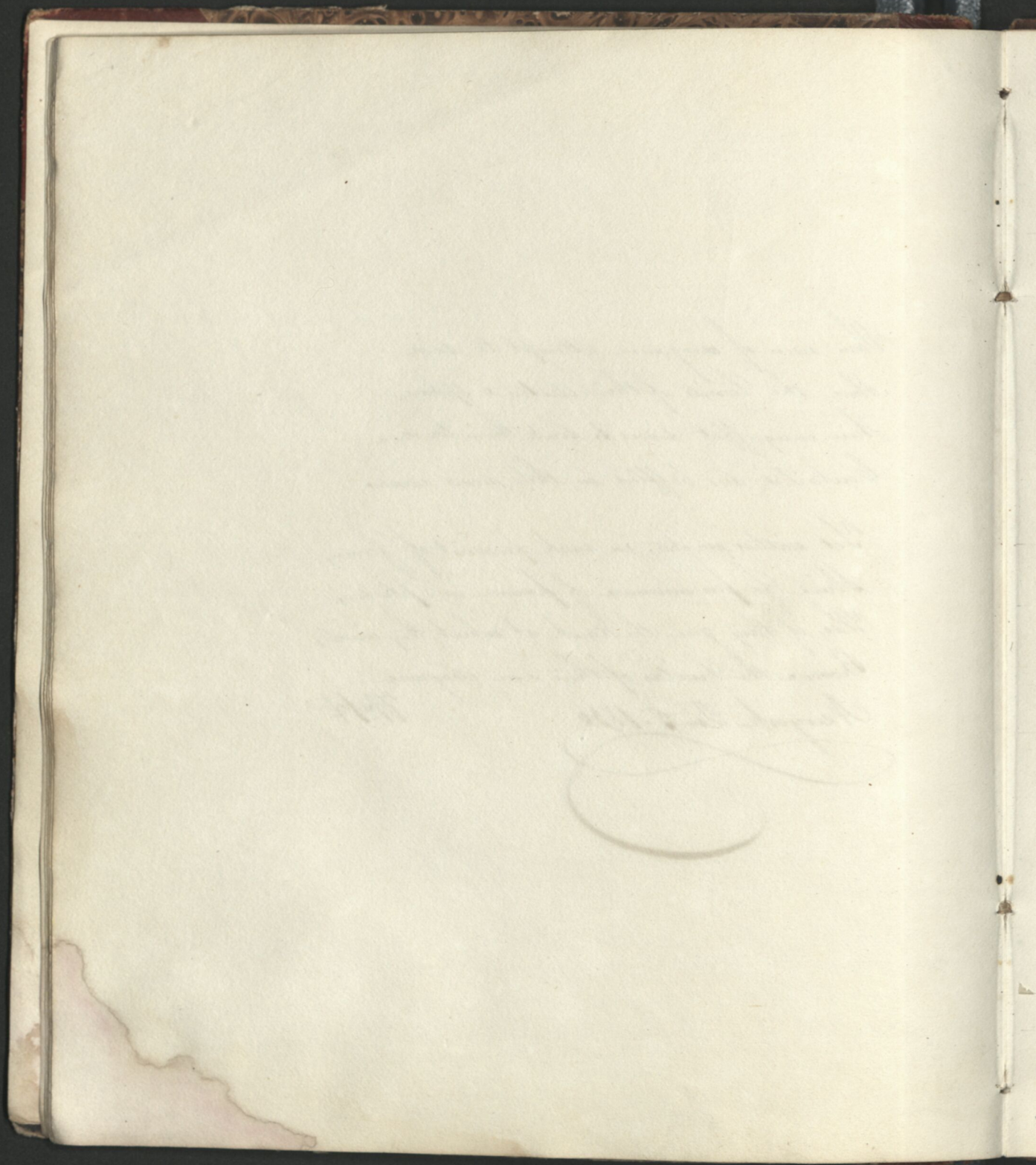


When men of arrogance attempt to soar
Above the limits of their destiny's sphere,
Their every effort serves to sink them lower,
Cut tail'd and baffled in their mad career.

Set witless wights, in rash pursuit of Fame,
Strive for pre-eminence of power and place,
Who, if they gain the rank at which they aim,
Become the humbles of their own disgrace.

New York Dec 5. 1830

Wm H

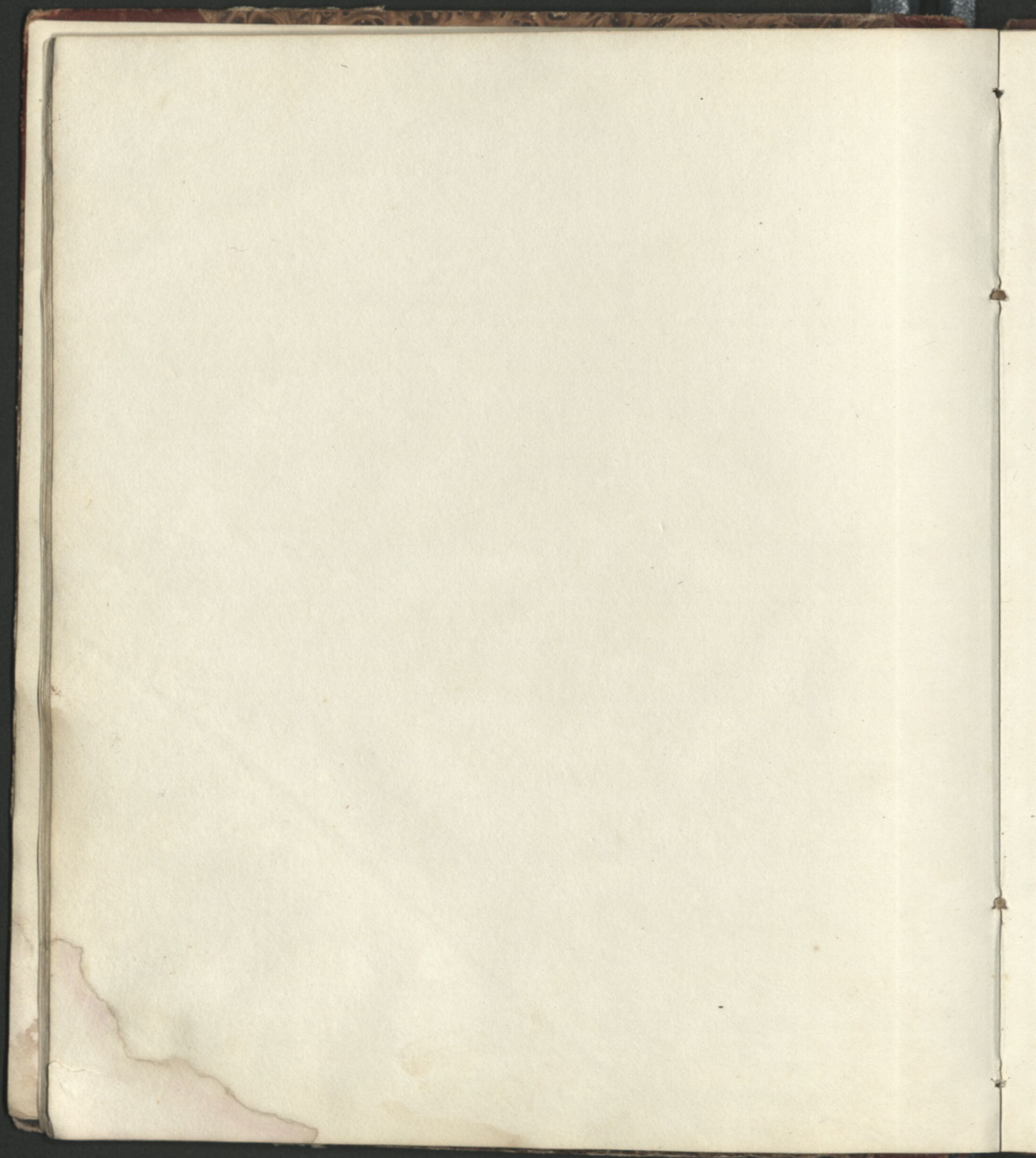


Lines.

I never cast a flower away,
The gift of one who cared for me—
A little flower, a faded flower,
But it was done reluctantly.
I never looked a last adieu

To things familiar but my heart
Shrank with a flinging, almost a pain,
Ere from their lifelessness to part—
I never spoke the word, "Farewell,"
But with an utterance faint and broken,
And earth sick longing for the time,
When it shall never be spoken.
Jane—

16th / moth 19th 1831



There is nothing can equal the tender hours,
When life is first in bloom —
When the heart, like a bee in a field of flowers,
Kinds every where perfume —
When the present is all, & it questions not,
If those flowers should pass away,
But, pleased with its own delightful lot,
Dreams never of decay. —

O! it dreams not the hue, that freshly glows
On the cheek, shall ever flee,
And fade away like the summer rose,
As the crimson on the sea —
When far in the west the setting sun
Goes down in the distant main,
And the colours vanish one by one,
Which never revive again —

O! life in its spring-time dances on
In smiles and innocent tears;
It casts not a look for the moments gone,
But hails the coming years —
They shine before its fancy's eye,
Like eastern visions, bright,

Gay as the hues in the western sky,
At the coming on of night—

Thus happy in their bosoms feel,
And in all their fancy dreams,
Their quick moments onward steal,
Like the silent flow of streams,
Gliding through raptur'd flowers away,
To the far and unknown sea—
Or on with a flight that cannot stay,
Their days of innocence flee—

But soon—too soon— their hearts shall know,
The future was falsely bright,
And its gay and far-deluding glow
Shall change to the gloom of night—
O! then, with a fond and hivering eye,
They shall turn to the early hours,
When life, as their moments hurried by,
Was a wild of sweets and flowers—

Revised—

CC— Jan 10 1830—

Broken Ties.

"The broken ties of happier days,
How often do they seem
To come before our mental gaze,
Like a remembered dream:
Around us each discoloured chain
In sparkling ruin lies,
And earthly hand can ne'er again
Unite those broken ties.

The parents of our infant home,
The kindred that we loved,
The from our arms purchase may warm
To distant scenes removed;
Or we have watched their parting breath,
And closed their weary eyes,
And sighed to think, how sadly, death
Can sever human ties.

The friends, the loved ones of our youth,
They too are gone or changed;
Or, worse than all, their love and truth
Are darkened and exchanged:
They meet us in the glittering throng,
With cold averted eyes,
And wonder that we weep our wrong,
And mourn our Broken Ties.—

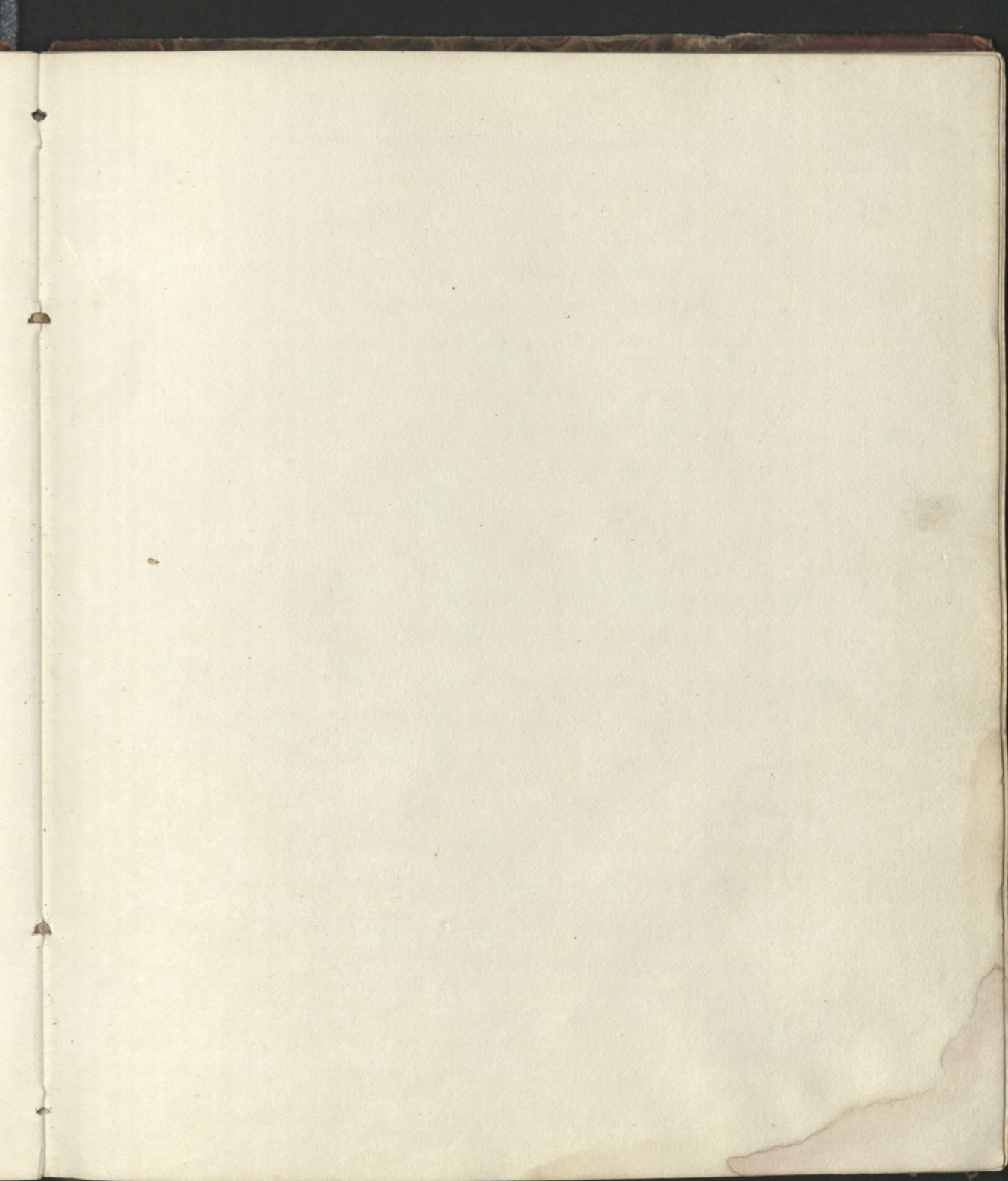
Oh! who in such a world as this
Could bear their lot of pain,
Did not one radiant hope of bliss
Uncoloured yet remain?
The hope the Sovereign Lord has given
Who reigns beyond the skies;—

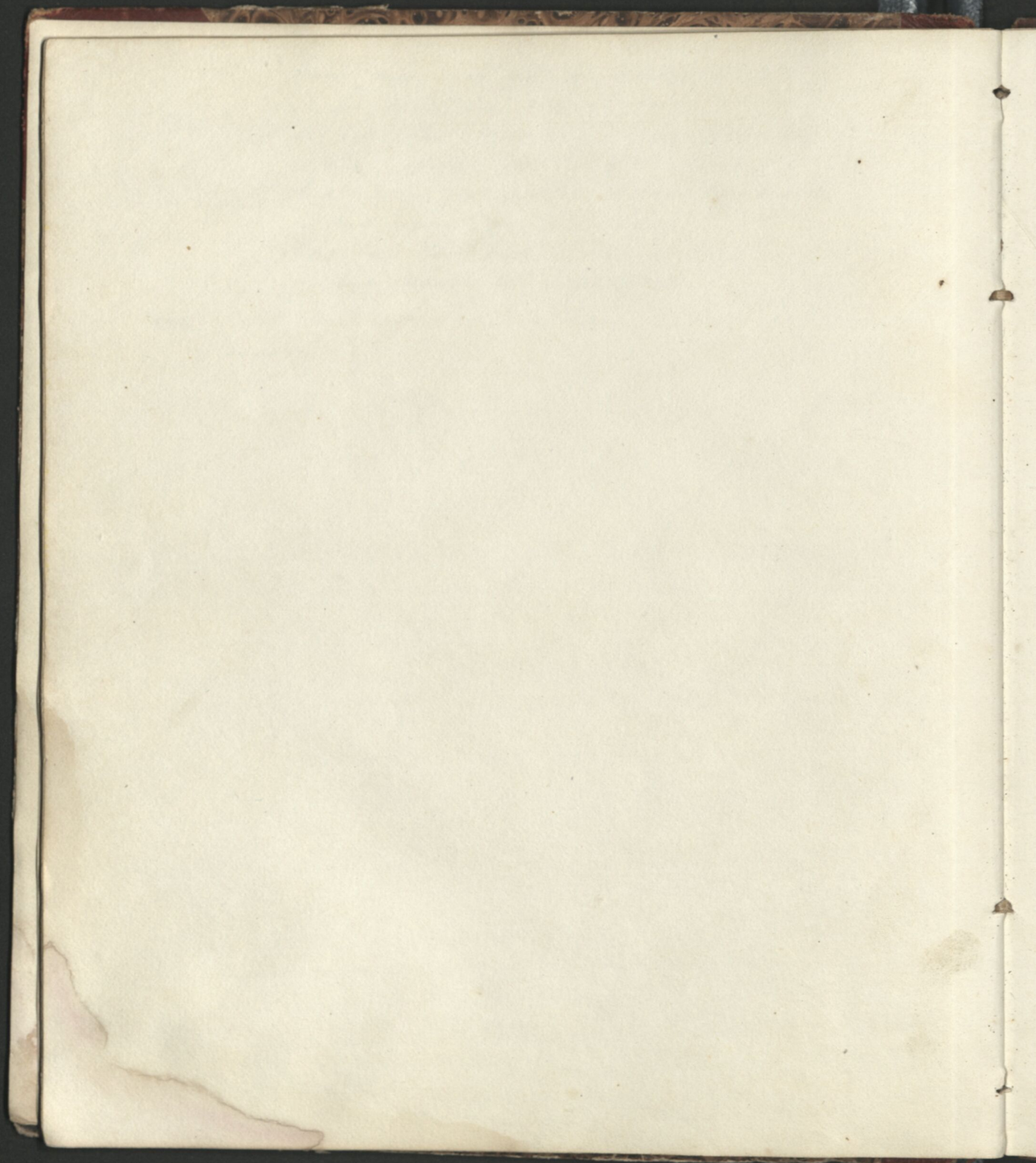
That hopes united our souls to Heaven
By faith's enduring ties.

Each care, each ill of mortal birth
Is sent in pitying love,
To lift the lingering heart from earth,
And send its flight above;
And every pang that rends the breast,
And every joy that dies,
Tells us to seek a safer rest,
And trust to holier Ties."

EBH—

4mo. 1st. '55—





The Evening Hour

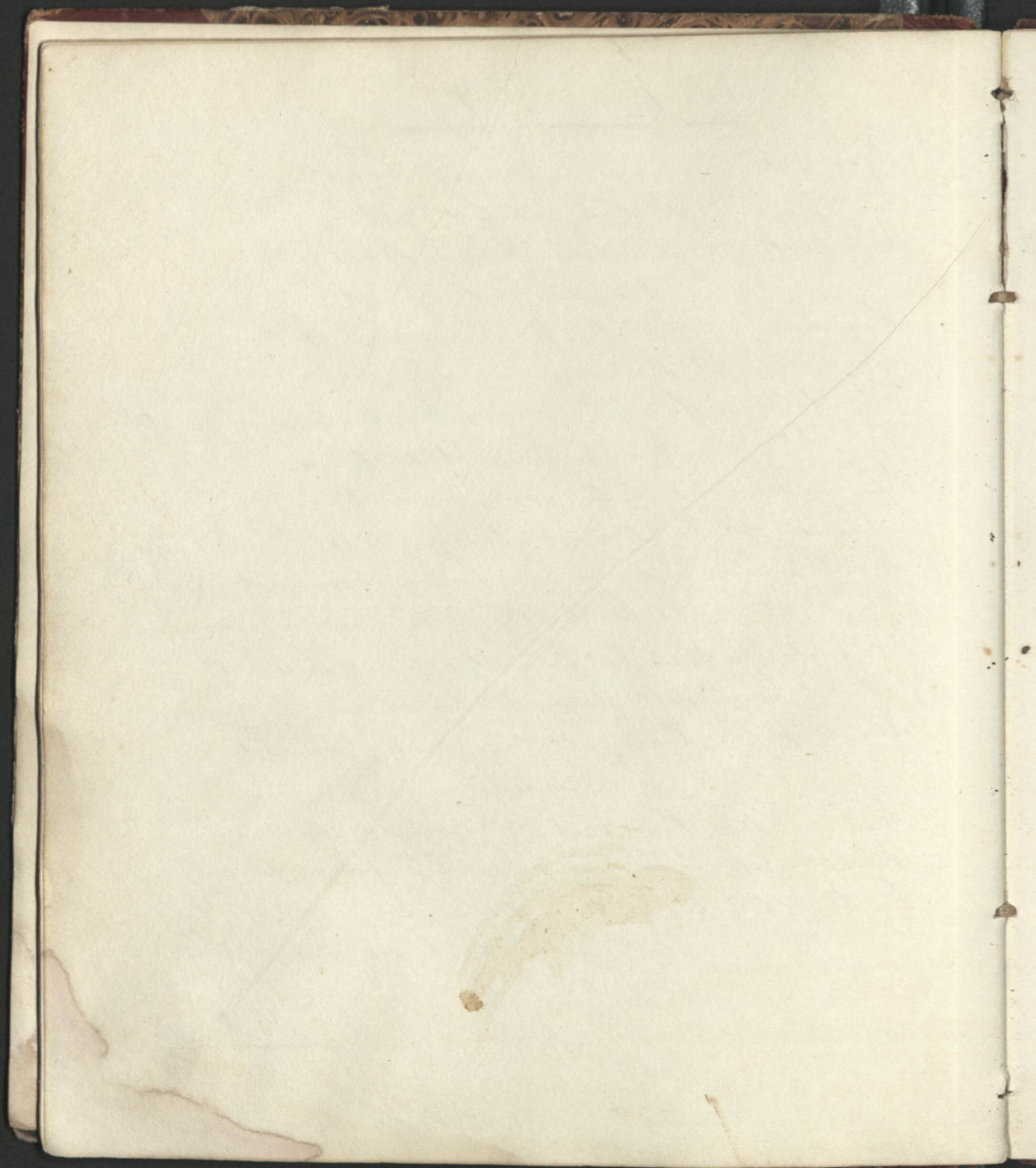
This is the hour when Memory wakes
Visions of joy that could not last
This is the hour when Fancy takes

A survey of the past.
She brings before the pensive mind
The hallow'd scenes of former years
And friends who long have been consign'd
To silence and to tears.

She few we liked, the one we loved
A sacred band come stealing o'er
And many a form far hence removed
And pleasures now no more
Friendships that long in death are hushed
And young affections broken chain
And hopes that fate too quickly crush'd

In Memory live again
Few watch the fading gleams of day
But muse o'er joys as quickly flown
Ere after tint they die away
Ere all at last are gone

C. H. B.



Lines To a friend

"The sorrowing heart by ease oppress'd,
In friendship finds a sweet relief,
Blest power! it soothes the troubled breast
And smoothes the billowy tide of grief!

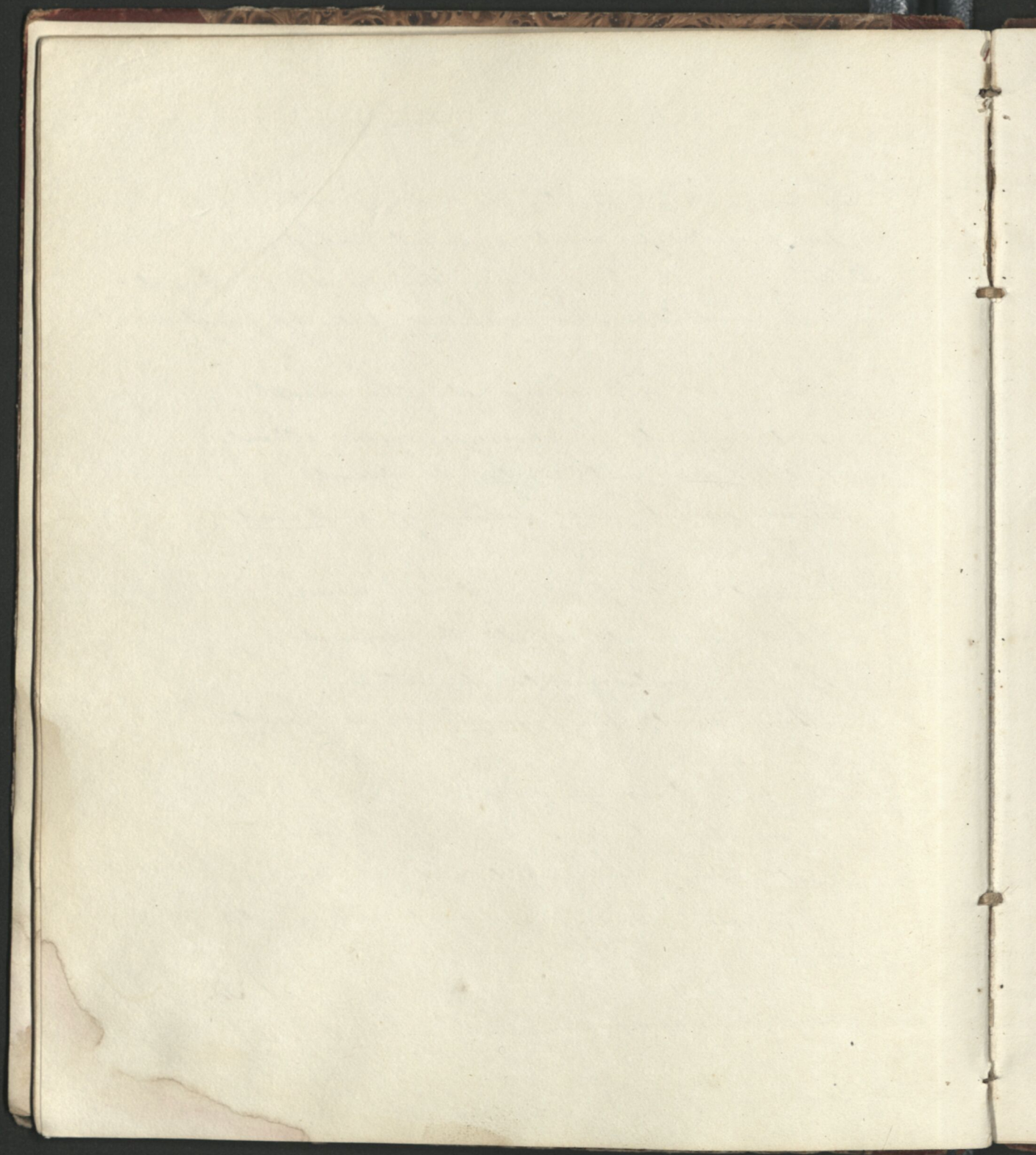
When we sit heavy at the heart,
And round us cheerless sighs attend,
And hope just ready to depart
How sweet the palace of a Friend!

Unarmed and pensive so we mine
And no hard object to defend
No soft endearments to return
How sweet the music of a Friend!

Scarcely divinely given,
Our dearest joys on thee depend,
But even this boid gift of Heaven,
We can't enjoy without a Friend!"

N.Y. July 2nd 1832

J. H.

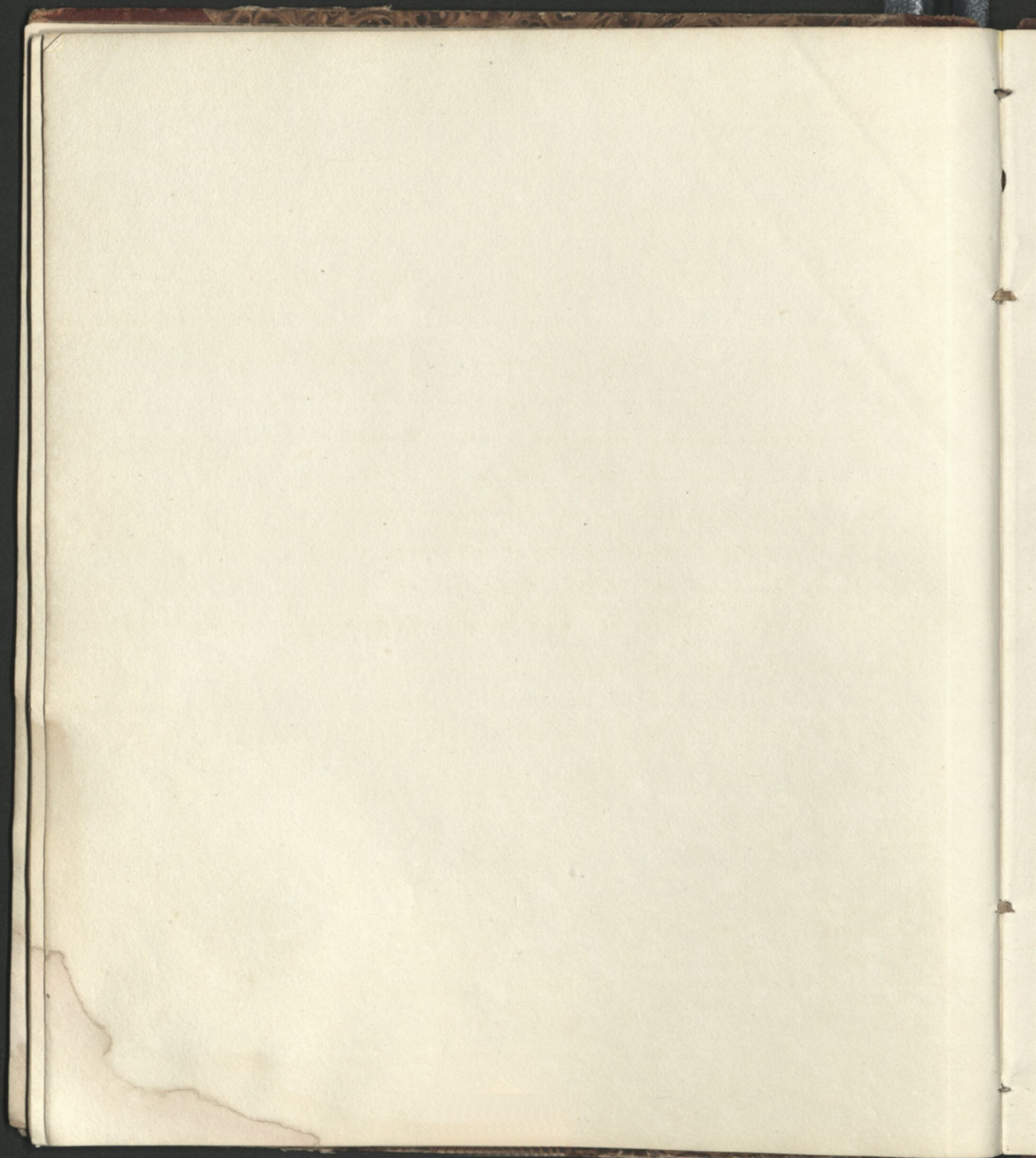


Friendship.

Friendship may very properly be called
the child of love and esteem, for it is a
strong tie and an habitual inclination be-
tween two persons to promote the real good
and Happiness of each other

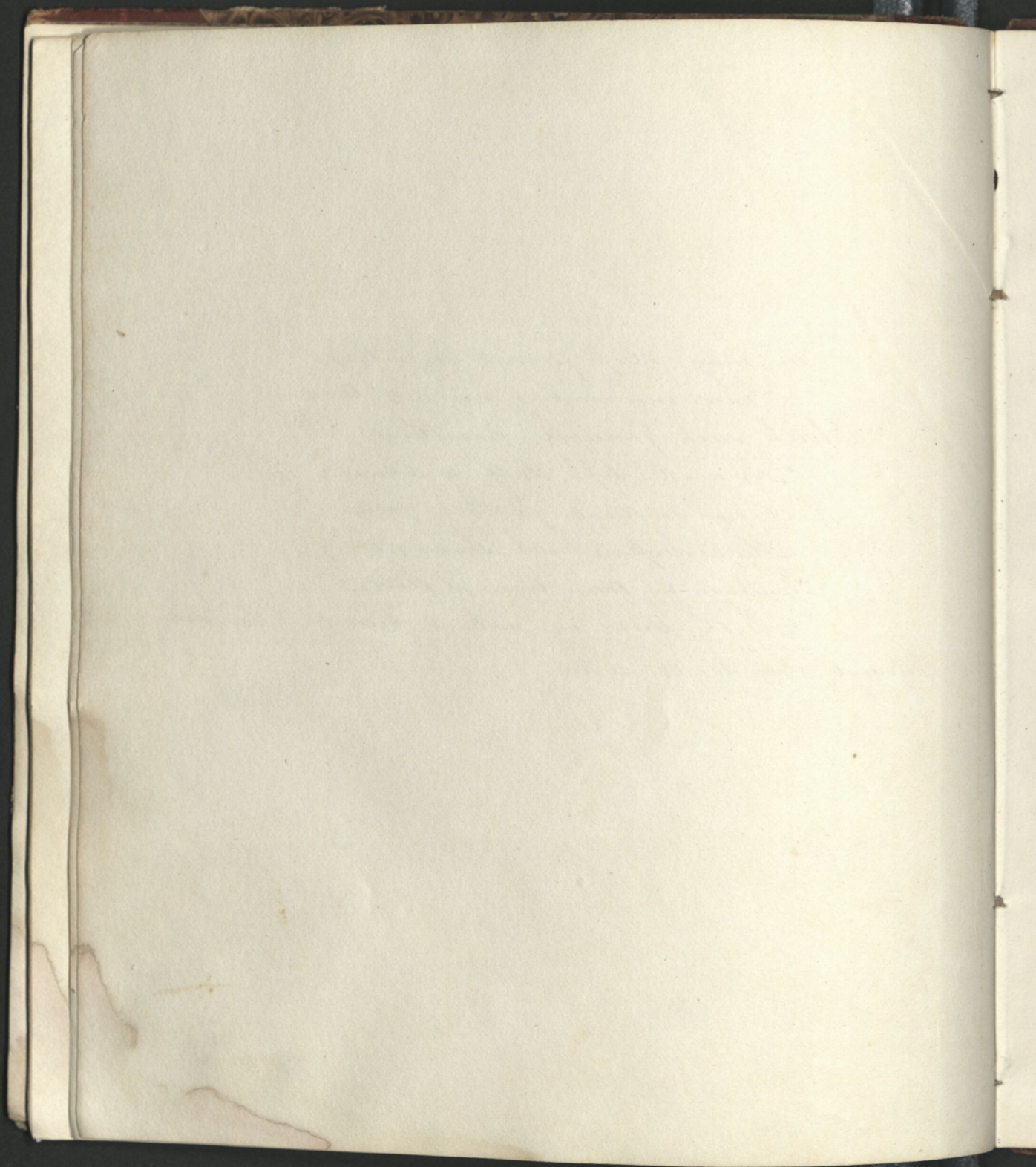
Thomas L.

12 Nov 26.th Wilmington.



"We may sleep present us fictions,
Since our waking moments turn
With such fanciful convictions,
As make life itself a dream;
Half our daylight faiths a fable,
Half disputes with shadows too,
Seeming in their turn as stable
As the world we make to view." Campbell.

Wilmington Feby. 16. '35 L.B.



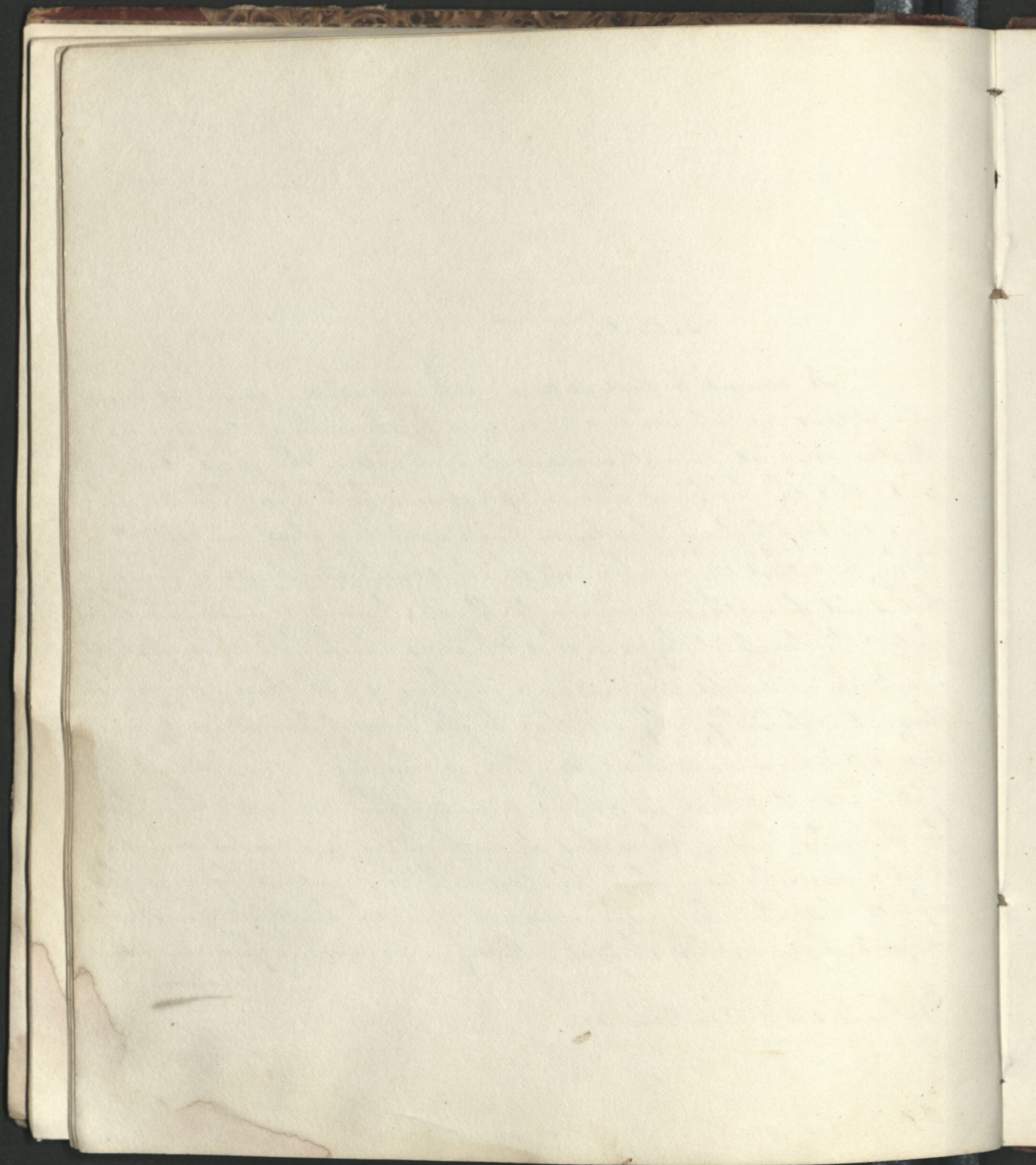
Extract.

It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble, cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment upon its waves, and sink into nothingness. Else why is it, that the high and glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering about, unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come before us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars which hold their festival around the midnight throne, forever micken us with their unapproach-glory. And finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us; leaving the thousand of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades—where the stars will be spread out before us like islands that slumber in the ocean and when the beautiful beings, which then pass before us like shadows, will stay in our presence forever—eternally.

Guliver,

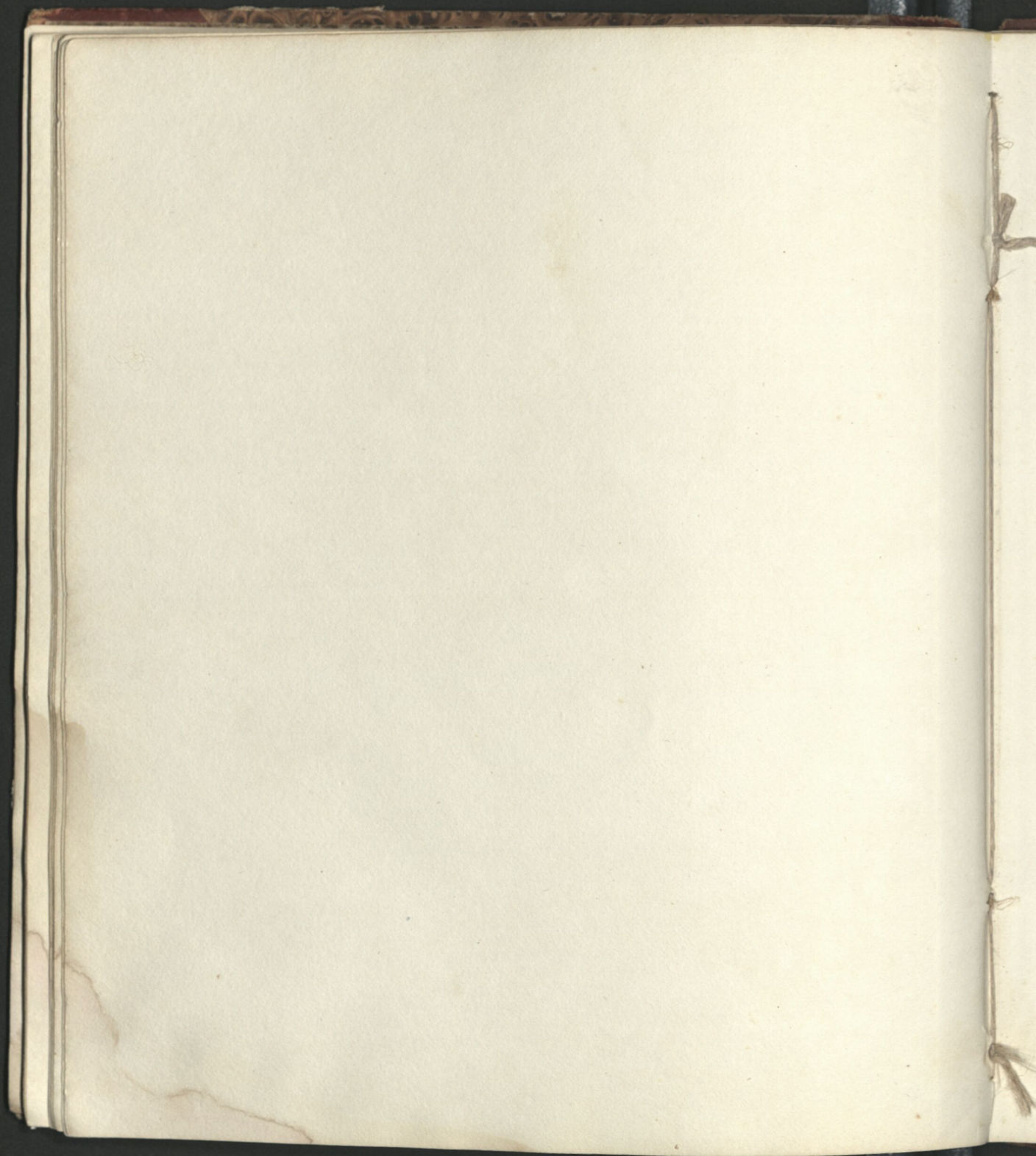
Wilmington 2nd mo 6th - 35

E. F. F.



Remembrance is sweet

'Tis something if in absence we can see
The footsteps of the past; it soothes the heart
To breathe the air scented in other years
By lips beloved; to wander through the grove
Where once we were not lonely — when the rose
Reminds us of the hour we used to breathe
With its fresh buds, where every hill and vale
And wood and fountain speaks of times gone by,
And hopes spring up in joy from memory's ashes.



Broken ties.

"The broken ties of happier days,
How often do they seem
To come before our mental gaze,
Like a remembered dream;
Around us each discovered chain
In sparkling ruins lies,
And earthly hand can ne'er again
Unite those broken ties.

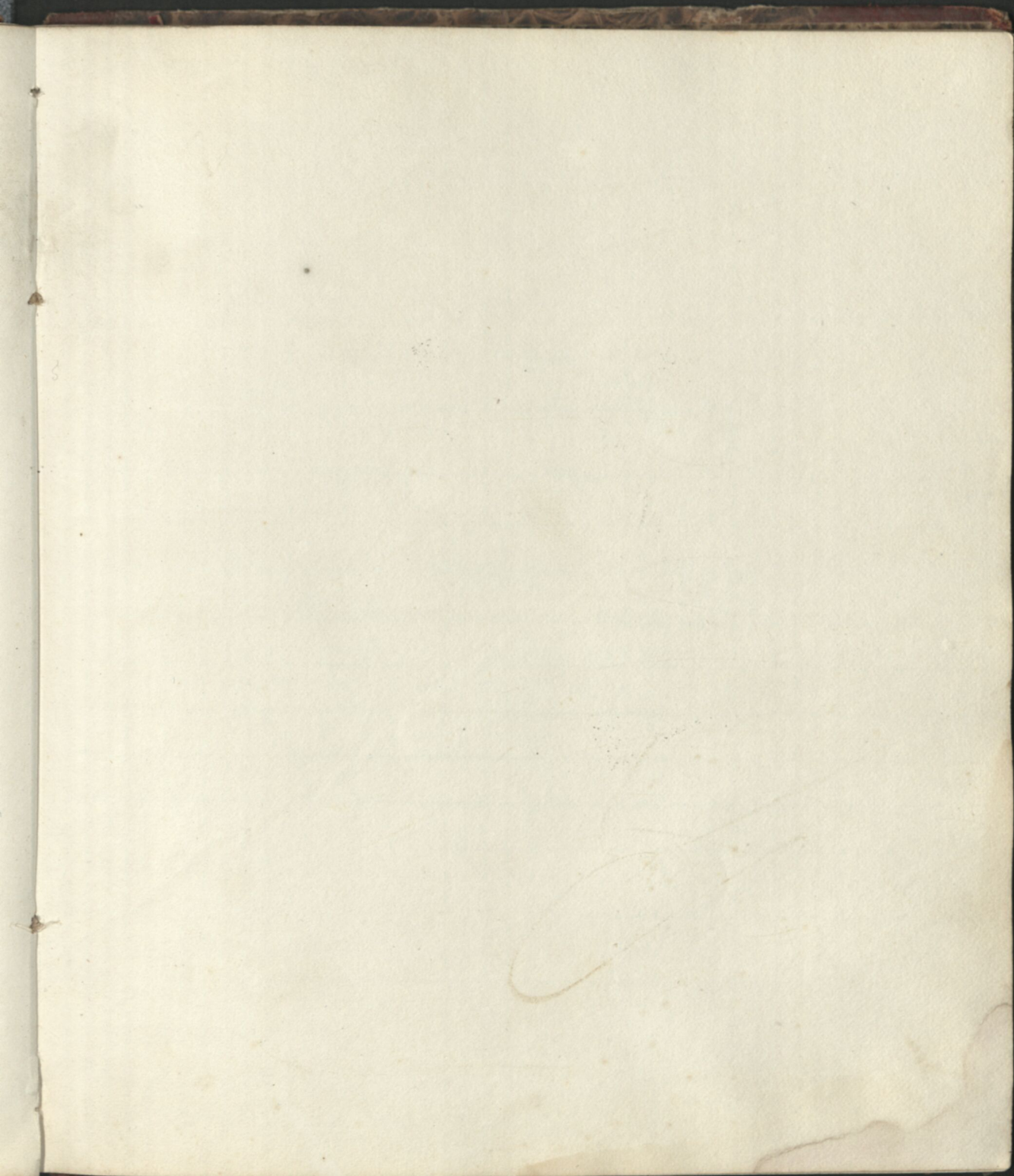
The parents of our infant home,
The kindreds that we loved,
Far from our arms, perchance, may roam,
To distant scenes removed;
Or we have watched their parting breath,
And closed their weary eyes,
And sighed to think how sadly death
Can sever human ties.

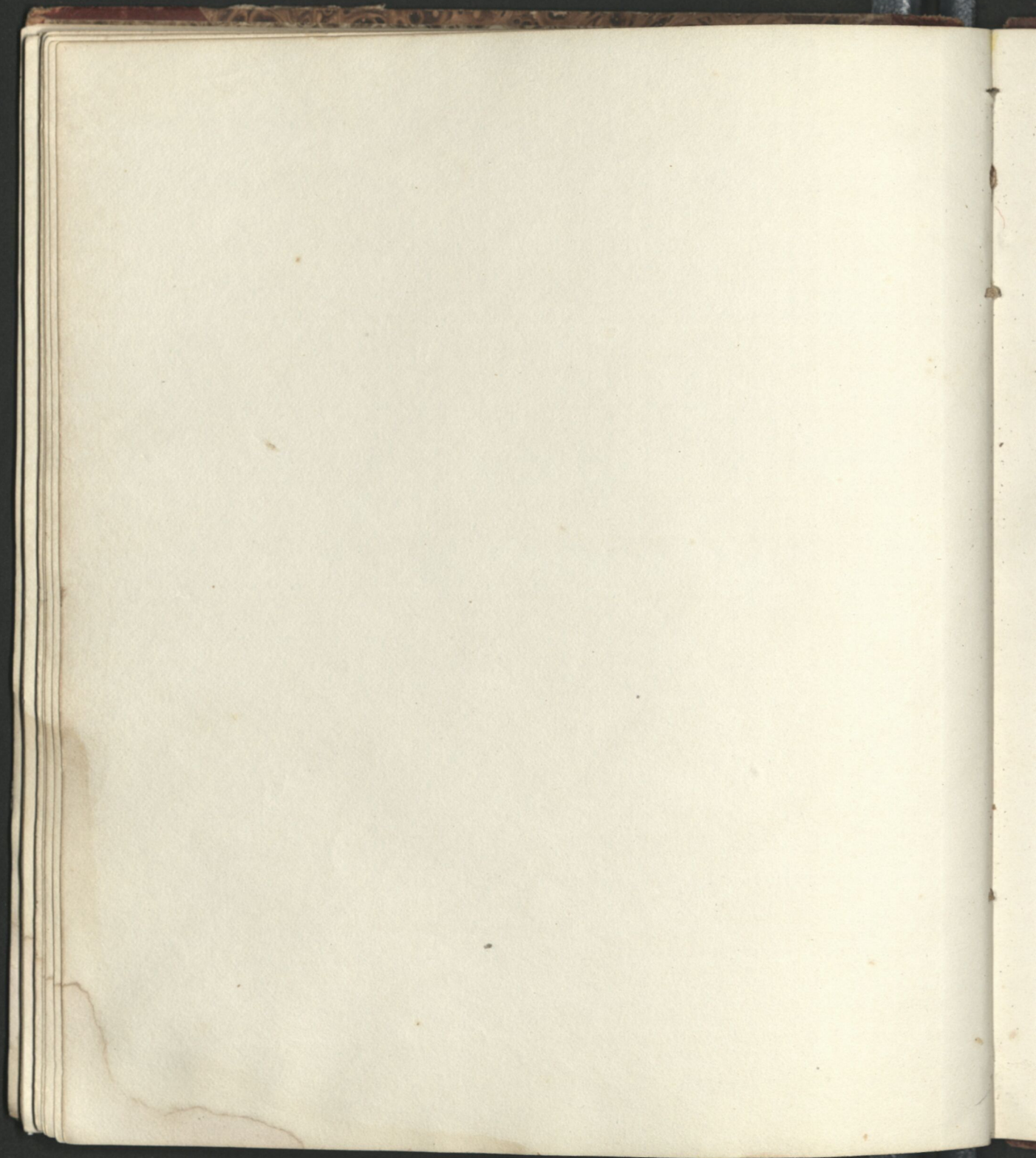
The friends, the loved ones of our youth,
They too are gone or changed,
Or, worse than all, their love and truth
Are darkened and estranged;
They meet us in a glittering throng
With cold, averted eyes,
And wonder that we weep our wrong;
And mourn our broken ties.

Oh! who in such a world as this,
Could bear their lot of pain,
Did not one radiant hope of bliss,
Uncloaked yet remain?—
That hope the sovereign Lord has given
Who reigns beyond the skies:
That hope unites our souls to Heaven,
By truth's enduring ties.

Each care, each ill of mortal birth
Is sent in pitying love,
To lift the lingering heart from earth,
And speed its flight above;
And every pang which rends the breast,
And every joy that dies,
Tells us to seek a heavenly rest,
And trust to holier ties."

Transcribed by your
Coz. Susan Anne.





Dirge by Charles G. Eastman

Softly!

She is dying
With her lips apart

Softly!

She is dying of a broken heart.

Whisper!

She is going
To her final rest

Whisper!

Life is quivering
Dim within her breast.

Gently!

She is sleeping
She has breathed her last.

Gently!

While you are weeping
She to Heaven has passed.

One by One Anne A. Proctor

One by one, the sands are flowing.
One by one the moments fall.
Some are coming, some are going
Do not try to grasp them all.

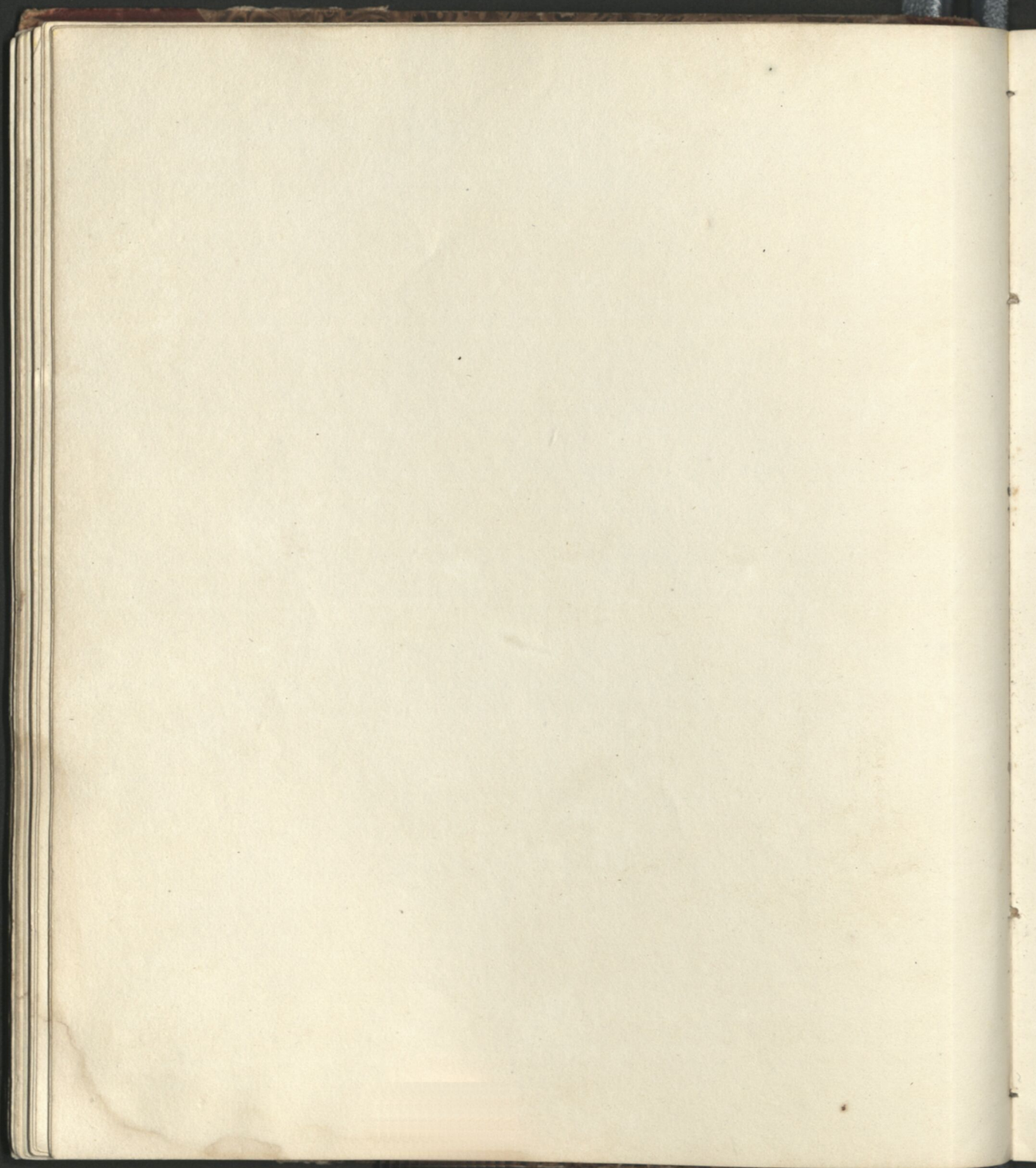
One by one thy duties wait thee
Let thy whole strength go to each.
Let no future dreams elate thee
Learn then first what these can teach.

One by one - bright gifts from Heaven
Jays are sent thee here below
Like them readily when given
Ready too to let them go.

One by one - thy griefs shall meet thee
Do not fear an armed band
One will fade as others greet thee
Shadows passing through the land
Do not look at Life's long sorrow
For how small each moment's pain
God will help thee for tomorrow
So each day begin again

Every hour that fleets so slowly.
Has its task to do or bear
Luminous the crown and holy.
If thou set each gem with care
Do not linger with regretting
Or for passing hours despond.
Nor the daily toil forgetting
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, Gods tokens
Reaching Heaven, but one by one.
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

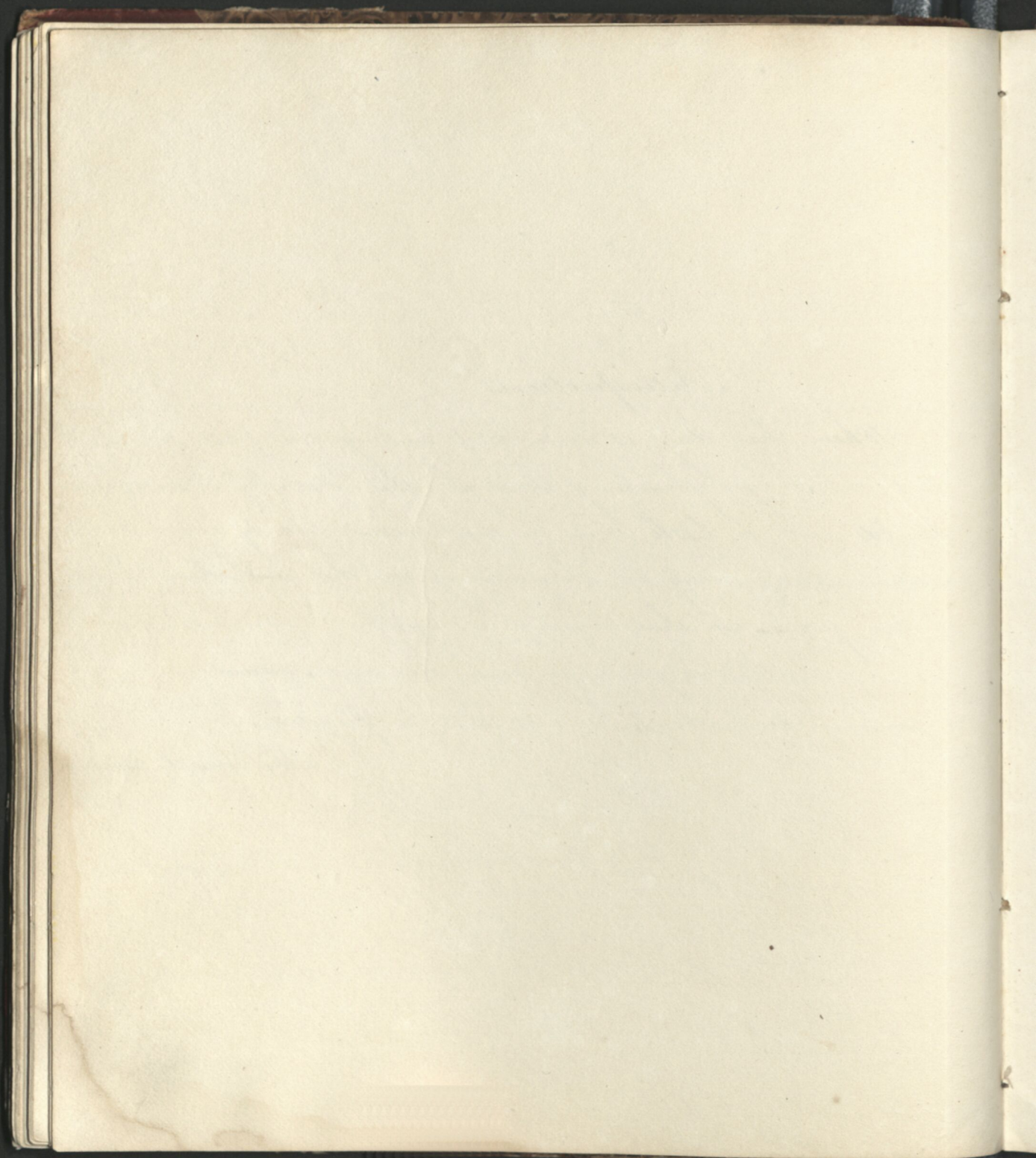


Retrospection

When this day is numbered among the past times,
and thine eye glancing through the Vista of Retrospection
should rest a little time on this record left by one who
happily then may be slumbering in the unbroken silence
of the grave—in that hour of thoughtful musing when
memory breathes a sigh to pleasures past, admit the crowd
of pensive recollections; let not this be forgotten.

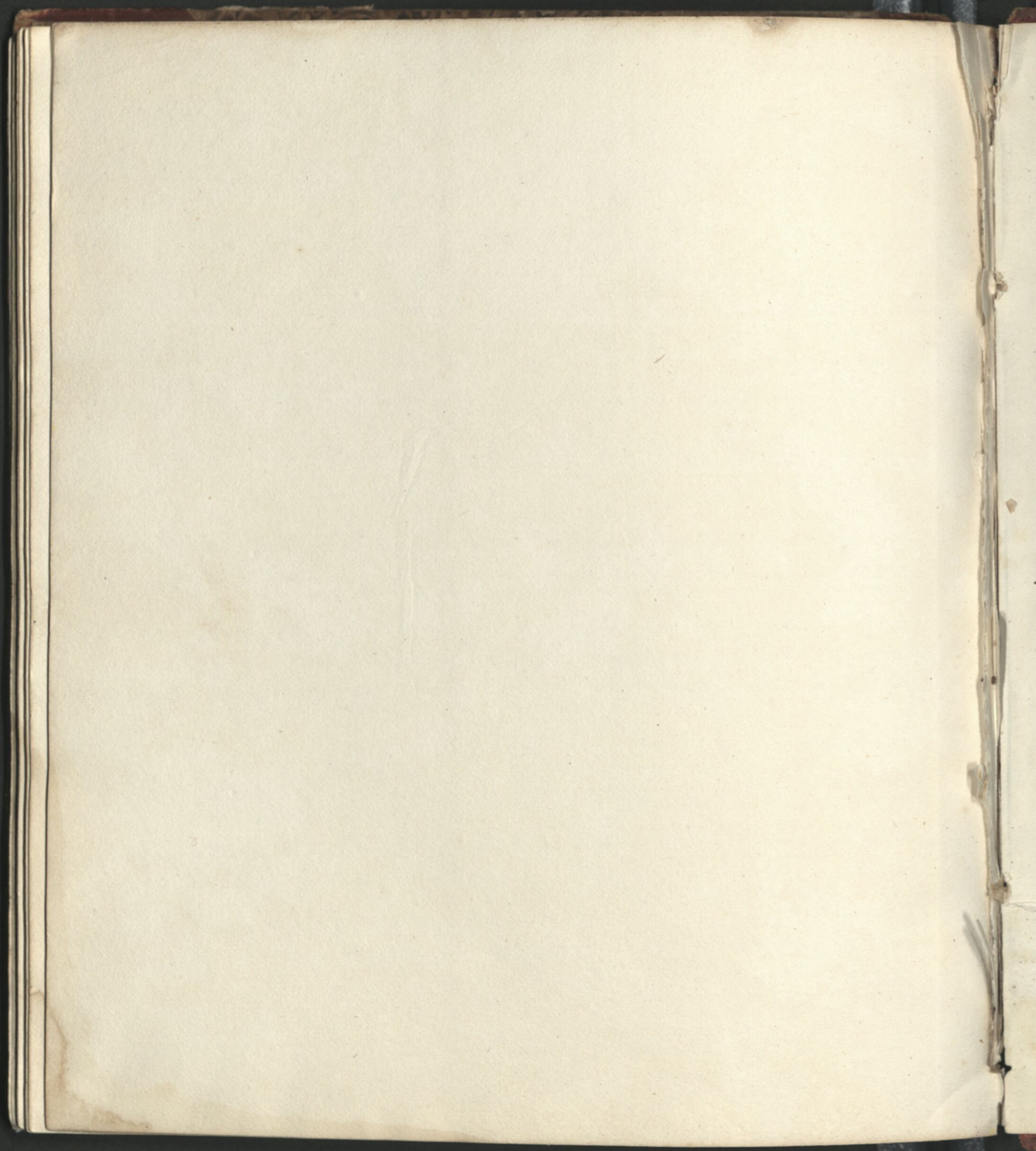
Thine ever thy Friend.

B. mo 12th '35



Acrostic:

Adorn with sense these leaves so fair,
Let Love and Friendship have a share,
Bright as the radiant realms above,
Write Religion's charms with love,
May Heaven thy offering then approve.
Thine.



Drumanie.

Te brzoza kielka, bieg tej wody,
Jak mi wiele przypomina!
Tę przeskakiwatem wiek młody,
Tę nigdy! była Lucyna.

Ona tak młodo i śladnie
Przez woy wesoła do duszy,
Jak wieńczyła gdy w listki rozpadnie,
I spokojności drzewa wzruszy.

Tę brzoza co zdawała się,
Co się, los od innych drzewi,
Obrazem kochanki mojej,
Obrazem moich przyjacieli.

Chemiai z mitych rzeczy zgubić,
Catonick pamięci nie traci?
Nie wdychałbym za nią życia,
Nie płakałbym moich braci.

Gwie pąkowi, doliny!
Przeszłości obrazie mity;
Bez Ojczyzny i Lucyny,
Jakieś wcale straciły!

Wilmington / Del.
9 kwietnia 1835.

